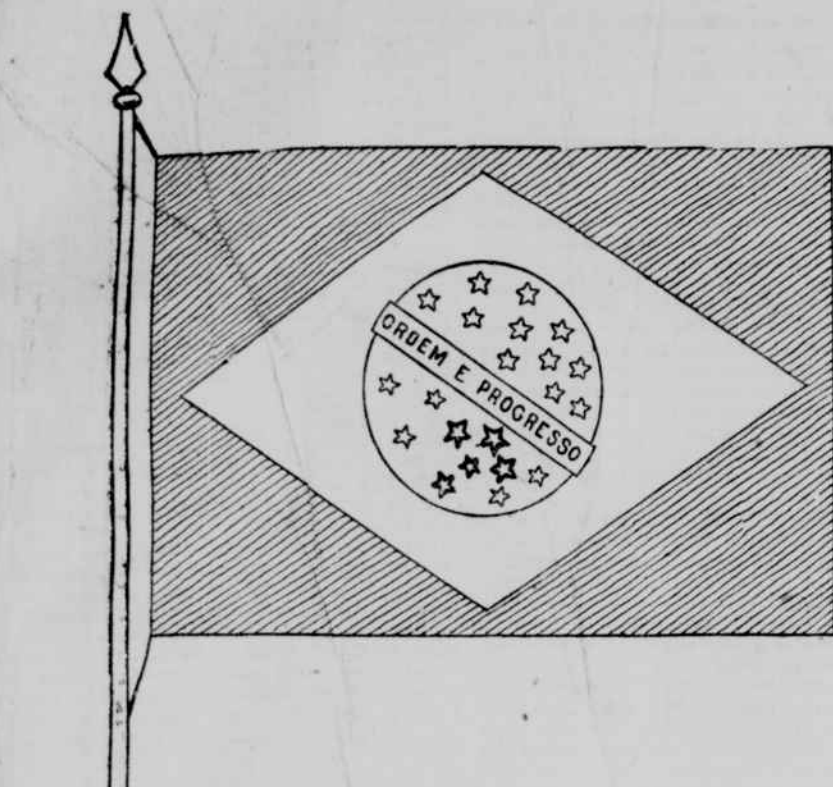


THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL.

STARS TAKE THE PLACE OF THE IMPERIAL SHIELD AND CROWN—THE YELLOW AND GREEN COLORS REMAIN, BUT THE GREEN OF THE GLOBE IS CHANGED TO BLUE.



Under the Empire the Brazilian ensign was an oblong green flag, with a yellow lozenge, the latter containing a green shield, surrounded by a wreath and surmounted by a yellow crown lined with red; upon the shield was a globe—crossed from the upper left-hand side to the lower right-hand side by a white bar—around which was a double circle, with four small red spheres joining the inner circle and the globe at the equator and the poles. The Imperial flag was an oblong green flag, bearing in the center a yellow wreath, shield, globe, etc., similar to those on the ensign, and having in each of the four corners of the field a yellow lion. The new flag of the United States of Brazil is represented in the above cut. The old shield, wreath, crown and double circle are omitted; twenty-one white stars, including the constellation of the Southern Cross, take the place of the old globe and the motto "Ordem e Progresso" appears on the white band. The colors in the flag of the Republic are the same as those of the Imperial ensign, except that the globe is blue instead of green. The twenty-one stars in the new flag represent the neutral municipality of Rio de Janeiro and the following named States: Alagoas, Amazonas, Bahia, Ceara, Espirito Santo, Goias, Maranhao, Mato Grosso, Minas Geraes, Para, Parahyba, Parana, Pernambuco, Piahy, Rio de Janeiro, Rio Grande do Norte, Rio Grande do Sul, Santa Catharina and Sergipe. The decree of the Provisional Government establishes:

ing the flag and other insignia of the Republic reads as follows: "The Provisional Government of the United States of Brazil, taking into consideration the fact that the colors of our old flag commemorate the victories and achievements of our army and navy in the defense of our fatherland, and that these colors, independently of the form of our government, represent the perpetuity of our fatherland among the other nations: "Decree that the flag adopted by the Republic maintains our traditional and national colors, green and yellow, in the following shape: an oblong yellow and green flag, having in the center a blue sphere crossed by an oblique bar of white running from left to right, with the motto "Ordem e Progresso" written in white on the bar. The bar shall be surrounded by a wreath of coffee and tobacco branches, and the globe at the center of the bar shall be replaced by a constellation of stars. The stars represent the twenty states of the Republic and the neutral municipality of Rio Janeiro. "Second, That the national coat of arms remains the same as the old one, with the exception that a cap of liberty shall be substituted for the Imperial crown. "Third, That the postage stamps and the Government seals shall have the sphere around which will be the motto "República dos Estados Unidos do Brasil." "Fourth, That all the flags, arms, seals and stamps formed to the contrary are illegal."

THEY ESCAPED DEATH.

COUGHLIN, BURKE AND O'SULLIVAN SENTENCED FOR LIFE.

KUNZE, THE GERMAN IMPLICATED IN THE CROIN MURDER, WEEPS OVER THE PROSPECT OF THREE YEARS IN THE PENITENTIARY—THE JURORS REFUSE TO EXPLAIN HOW THEY REACHED A VERDICT.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Chicago, Dec. 16.—The Cronin trial culminated today in a verdict of life imprisonment for Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O'Sullivan and Martin Burke, three years' imprisonment for John Kunze, the German, and an acquittal for John F. Beggs, the Senior Guardian of Camp 20, Clan-na-Gael. It would probably be correct to say that to the vast majority of citizens in the West the verdict is a satisfactory one. Outside of the Irish factions the feelings engendered by this celebrated case have not been characterized by such intense animosity against the defendants, and the public generally accepts the verdict as having been the composite judgment of twelve candid American citizens, after listening calmly and dispassionately to the evidence in the case and forming their conclusions from cool deliberation, instead of partisan prejudice. The verdict of life imprisonment for the three principal defendants, instead of capital punishment, is regarded as proper, in view of the double fact that the case was one of circumstantial evidence and the prominent witnesses were partisans and possibly susceptible to the control of factional prejudice. That the return of the jury is a verdict and not a disagreement is the source of much congratulation. However bitter may have been the feelings engendered by the two factions, into which the Irish people have been divided in this case, it cannot fail to be a source of congratulation to Judge McConnell that his impartial conduct as a presiding judge has been such as to win for him not only the applause of both these opposing factions, but the approval of leading jurists.

When the court sat at 2 p. m. to receive the verdict of the jury, there was a momentary silence as the vast audience breathlessly awaited the first words of Judge McConnell as he mounted the rostrum.

"The jury is prepared to make a return in this case," said the Judge, "but I observe that Mr. Donahoe, counsel for O'Sullivan and Kunze, is absent."

"I have been requested to represent Mr. Donahoe," said Mr. Forrest. "He is out of the city today."

The court announced satisfaction at this arrangement, and a moment later the door leading from the jail opened with a clang, and the five defendants marched in to receive the announcement of their fate. Every eye in the assembly turned toward John F. Beggs, who led the procession. The face of the Senior Guardian of Camp 20 was pale with anxiety, but his eye was full of confidence. "Dan" Coughlin shifted his usual indifference, but his restless, furtive eye betrayed his anxiety. Hardly a person in the courtroom succeeded in catching the glance of O'Sullivan. The black eyes of the ice-man sought the floor, and whatever emotion he felt at this critical moment was invisible save in the grayish pallor that overspread his features. Martin Burke flushed for a moment as he approached his seat, but a moment later his features regained their natural appearance, and with affected nonchalance he resumed the chewing of gum, as has been his wont during the trial. John Kunze, for the first time since his arrest, seemed fully to appreciate the gravity of his position as he awaited the verdict of the jury.

The noise of many footsteps was again suddenly heard without, and a moment later the twelve men, in whose judgment rested the lives of the five defendants, entered the room headed by Foreman Clark. Every prisoner simultaneously turned his eyes upon the jurors, as if to read in their impressive features the secret of their verdict, but there was no outward sign to give them either hope or fear.

"The clerk will call the roll of jurors." Every person in the audience started as the

sound of the Judge's voice broke the silence. Slowly the jurors answered to their names and the twelve men were announced to be present. "Gentlemen," said the Court, "I understand you have reached a conclusion in this case."

With a bow, Foreman Clark took from his pocket a huge envelope and handed it to the Judge, who in turn handed it to the clerk to be read. It was as follows:

We, the jury, find the defendant John F. Beggs not guilty. We, the jury, find the defendant John Kunze guilty of manslaughter, as charged in the indictment, and fix his punishment at imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of three years.

We, the jury, find the defendants Dan Coughlin, Patrick O'Sullivan and Martin Burke guilty of murder in the first degree, as charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at imprisonment in the penitentiary for the term of their natural lives.

Kunze, the nervous little German, was overwhelmed by the sentence of imprisonment for three years. "I am innocent; God knows I am innocent," he cried. "God knows I never was out to Lakeview that night. Longenecker bought two witnesses; I am sure of that; they went out and bought farms with the money they got. He and Schuetzler did it."

In the main corridor of the criminal court building before the announcement of the verdict sat Dan Coughlin's wife. On her knee was the pretty little girl that has continually called out in the courtroom for her papa. They were kept in ignorance of the facts until some one rushed into the corridor and called out the result. Mrs. Coughlin gasped, stood erect, shrieked and fell back into a chair.

She buried her face in her hands and moaned wildly. The babe stood leaning against her mother's knees. For a moment she looked into her sorrowing mother's face, and then laying her pretty face in her mother's lap, she too began to cry.

Mrs. Whelan, O'Sullivan's sister-in-law, had come over to hear the result. Her handsome face hardened when she heard the news. Her eyes filled for a moment, but only for a moment. Then she turned savagely upon the men who stood by, attracted by Mrs. Coughlin's sobs.

"Are you satisfied with the verdict?" was asked of her by one of the men who stood by.

"I am always satisfied when I have an honest jury in a murder case."

"What do you think of it, anyway?" "That's all there is about it. That's all anybody can say."

"Will you make a statement regarding the position you took in the jury-room?" was asked of her by one of the men who stood by.

"I cannot," replied Mr. Culver. "Before you came into court each man placed himself upon his honor not to reveal the proceedings in the jury-room. I certainly took what to me was the only just course."

Mr. Culver said the report that a juror had struck him was wholly untrue. He added: "I was more than surprised at the story. While at times the arguments were warm, there was no attempt at bulldozing, much less any blows struck. It was a case of long discussions, and finally submission."

After congratulations to Beggs in the jail office had somewhat abated, he turned to accompany his lawyers and business associates from the place. Passing to the big street doors, the conversation in the little group was evidently deeply earnest. As he stepped into the street a free man, Beggs was heard to say:

"I'm going to spend the rest of my life hunting down the men who killed Cronin."

Coughlin showed by his manner that the verdict was less severe than he had feared. The same was true of Burke, but neither of the two men would talk on the subject.

Mr. Forrest made a motion for a new trial, and Judge McConnell fixed January 13, 1890, for argument on the motion.

THE CRIME AND THE TRIAL.

Dr. Patrick Henry Cronin, who was brutally murdered on the night of May 4, came to this country from County Cork, Ireland, five years old.

He lived for several years at Tintsville, Penn., and about 1880 he removed to Chicago. There he identified himself with most of the Irish benevolent, political and literary organizations. He was an ardent supporter of the policy of Parnell and was prominent in Irish-American political movements.

On the evening of May 4 he mysteriously disappeared from his home in Chicago, and his friends at once attributed the disappearance to a conspiracy of Irish political enemies.

Search was made for the missing man, and from points in Canada came false reports that he had been seen after his disappearance and efforts were made to locate him.

On May 23 his body was accidentally found by

workmen in a catch-basin at the corner of Evanston-ave. and Fifty-ninth-st., Chicago. Two days after Cronin's disappearance the police, discovering a clew given by the discovery of his blood-stained trunk, had searched every catch-basin on the avenue to within two blocks of Fifty-ninth-st. Some arrests had been made before the discovery of the body, and after it was found the police became more active in their search for the persons connected with the murder.

They discovered that he had been decoyed to a cottage called the Carlson cottage, murdered there and then taken away in a trunk. The assassins intended to cast the trunk and body into the lake, but became alarmed, and after breaking open the trunk, threw the body into the sewer. Driving back into the city, they threw the blood-stained trunk away. With the discovery of the body came a rumor that Cronin was a spy in the employ of "The London Times," and that his death had been decreed by the Irish Nationalists.

His friends, however, had been murdered by him, and his friends within the Clan-na-Gael organization for his opposition to their wrong doing. Then came the arrest of several persons, among them the following: Detective Daniel Coughlin, who was said to have hired the house which drew the wagon used by the assassins; Patrick O'Sullivan, an ice-dealer, who had made a contract with Dr. Cronin for medical services, and in whose name the Doctor was summoned to the cottage where the assassins were concealed; John Kunze, a German, who was associated with the other prisoners in their movements previous to the murder, and was apparently aware of the plot, if not actively connected in it; Martin Burke, who hired the cottage where the crime was committed; John F. Beggs, the presiding officer of Camp 20, Clan-na-Gael, who was said to have been the confederate of Cronin; Frank Black, alias Woodruff, who betrayed a knowledge of the murder after the fact; and Patrick Conroy, who seemed to have been the real leader in the last act of the conspiracy.

These were indicted by the Grand Jury on June 29. At the inquest, friends of Cronin and two prominent Irish-Nationalists, Alexander Sullivan and John F. Finerty, of complicity in the murder, and on June 11 Mr. Sullivan was arrested on the recommendation of the coroner's jury. Three days later he was released on a writ of habeas corpus. Judge Tuley decided that the evidence against him was not sufficient to warrant his detention, and he was not such as would convict him of a capital offense. The Grand Jury, however, did not indict him.

The prisoners then in custody—Burke, Woodruff, Coughlin, Beggs, O'Sullivan and Kunze—were brought into Judge McConnell's court on August 20. Conroy has not yet been arrested. Beggs was granted only for a separate trial, but this was granted only in the case of Woodruff, on the ground that the other prisoners were not connected with the crime, but were merely witnesses. Woodruff, who had made many confessions, which followed the doctor's confession, had been given the case went on. The closing proceedings were taken on December 13, when the prosecution made the closing arguments and Judge McConnell delivered his charge to the jury.

SUIT OVER A BOOK ABOUT THE CASE.

Chicago, Dec. 16 (Special).—Judge Jameson decided today that the Regan printing house had no right to publish a book entitled "The Great Cronin Mystery; or the Irish Patriot's Fate," the title having been first used in a publication of the same character by Laird & Co., who sought an injunction against the Regan printing house. The latter demurred on the ground that Laird & Co. had not copyrighted, but the court overruled the demurrer.

ENGLISH FEELING ON THE VERDICT.

London, Dec. 16.—"The Morning Post," commenting on the Cronin verdict, says: "If the case shall result in a thorough availing of public opinion in the United States to the real character of the Clan-na-Gael, then Cronin's life was not sacrificed wholly in vain."

A MANIAC FATHER.

HE THROWS TWO OF HIS CHILDREN OUT OF THE WINDOW.

DASHING HIS SON AGAINST THE PAVEMENT—CAPTURED AFTER HE HAD ASSAULTED SEVERAL MEN.

Joseph Kracko, a Bohemian carpenter, has lived for more than a year in the rear house on Third floor of No. 139 Avenue A, with his wife Mary and children, Edward, Wilhelm and Joseph. Kracko has been married nine years, and has always been devoted to his family. He was good-natured, and trouble of any sort never worried him. Though a good and faithful workman, for the last three weeks he has been unable to get work at his trade. Yesterday he got a job at Kerner & Co., 100 West 10th-st., and, when he was cheerful when he went to work in the morning, and when he got home last evening at 5:30 p. m. he was in the same frame of mind. He greeted his wife pleasantly, kissed his children, and played with the baby on the floor.

After Kracko had been home about half an hour he went downstairs and returned in about ten minutes. His appearance had greatly changed in this short time. His hair hung over his face, and his eyes bulged out as if they would burst from their sockets. His face was red and his right hand clutched his head convulsively. He seemed to be struggling for breath, and growled and cried like a wild animal. Mrs. Kracko was alarmed, and did not know what to make of her husband's actions. She spoke to him quietly, and asked if there was anything that she could do for him. He did not answer, but walked up and down the room, growling and gnashing his teeth. His wife and her children became frightened and huddled together in a corner out of her husband's way.

Suddenly he stopped his march, and shouted in a voice that could be heard through the house: "I'll give my children a Christmas present. I'll send them all to Jesus." He repeated these several times, and the children and Mrs. Kracko began to scream. The sound caught his ear, and he rushed and caught Edward first and fung him out of the window with great force. He then grabbed Wilhelm by the back of his head, and ran to another room. He caught her, and while he was dragging her into the kitchen by the hair Mrs. Kracko fled from the room with her baby. Kracko then threw his daughter out of the window. Fortunately both the children struck the iron railing of the fire escape, and did not fall to the yard. They were both stunned, and lay upon the floor of the fire-escape. Mrs. Kracko ran to a neighbor's door, and called for help. She went to the door to look into the yard, expecting to see her children dead. She found them on the fire-escape, which is common to both apartments, and dragged them into her neighbor's room.

Kracko, thinking that he had killed his children, ran downstairs looking for his wife. Edward, his boy, when he recovered from the shock of his fall, was frightened and crawled away from his mother. He ran against his father, who picked him up and kissed him, and then dashed him on the pavement. Kracko, thinking that he had killed his children, ran upstairs, saw the children fly out of the window and ran downstairs. Charles Spengler, a Bohemian, who lives at No. 141 Avenue A, heard the noise, and ran into the house to see what the trouble was. Kracko met Spengler and told him that he had killed his children, and that he was going to kill his wife. Spengler tried to stop him, and he knocked him down. Kracko then ran to the window and threw his wife out of the window. He then ran to the door and fled. He was followed by Spengler, who caught him and took him to the police station. Kracko was taken to the Fifth-station by his captors. He kept up his struggles there and assaulted policemen Westing and Shier. It took half a dozen policemen to get him off the floor and put him in a straitjacket. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital, constantly yelling that he had sent his children to heaven. Both the children were severely hurt. He recovered from his wounds, but was badly injured by the madman, but was not dangerously injured.

A NEW STEAM LAUNCH FOR YALE.

New-Haven, Dec. 16 (Special).—The Yale Navy has contracted with the Safety Steam Power Company of New-York for a new steam-launch. The new boat will be 56 feet long, 9 feet beam, and 4 1/2 feet draught. It will be fitted with a triple-expansion engine and improved water-holts, which work at 225 pounds pressure. The guaranteed speed of the new boat will be fifteen miles per hour, and the complete cost about \$420. The old launch, which has been placed in the hands of an agent for sale, has a maximum speed of 12 miles per hour, and has to be driven in order to keep up with the crew. The object of the navy in securing a new boat is to get one which will not have to be driven so hard and consequently will not create a sea that will strain the shell during stops for coasting.

CLOSE OF NAVIGATION IN THE HUDSON.

Kingston, N. Y., Dec. 16 (Special).—Navigation of the Hudson is today drawing to a close at this season. The James W. Baldwin, of the New-York Night Line, made her last trip down last night. Her consort, the Sagittaries, will make her last trip on Wednesday night. The Tremper and Martin, of the Newburg and Albany Line, have already hailed off. The Sagittaries, however, will, however, and the Sagittaries will be in the river as yet.

STUCK WITH AN IRON BAR.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE DR. DELAMATER IN HIS OFFICE.

WHILE READING OVER HIS DESK HE RECEIVES A TERRIFIC BLOW FROM BEHIND—MYSTERIOUS BEHAVIOR OF HIS ASSAILANT.

A PLUCKY STRUGGLE AND CHASE—NO KNOWN REASON FOR THE ATTACK.

An unaccountable attempt was made yesterday afternoon to assassinate Dr. Charles H. De Lamater in his office at No. 315 Madison-ave. The man, who, the doctor says, was a perfect stranger to him, it was thought at first, that Dr. De Lamater's skull was fractured, but a careful examination disclosed that the bone had not been seriously hurt, the injury being confined principally to the scalp. Dr. De Lamater lives with his wife at No. 167 East Seventy-fourth-st., and he reached his office in Madison-ave. about 7 o'clock yesterday morning. He had been there only a few moments, and was busily engaged in preparing a schedule for the day's work, when there came a loud ring at his bell and a stranger was conducted to his office by an assistant. Dr. De Lamater's office is on the southeast corner of Madison-ave. and Forty-second-st., in a dwelling house that has been turned into a business building. He occupies the rear parlor, which has a bay window on Forty-second-st. It was learned afterward that the stranger had been watching this window for nearly an hour before the Doctor appeared.

The man saluted the dentist pleasantly. He was well-dressed, and looked like a German and spoke with a German accent. His hair was banged in front and he wore a large black mustache. He carried a parcel in his hand which was cylindrical in shape, about eighteen inches long and wrapped in a newspaper. Dr. De Lamater spent a few moments at his desk after the stranger entered, and then asked what he could do for him.

HE HAD A SMILING FACE.

"I have a sore tooth," the man replied, "and I wish you would see if anything can be done for it." He smiled while talking, and, in fact, most of the time that he was in the office his face wore a good-natured smile. He apologized for disturbing the dentist so early in the morning and took a seat in the adjustable chair used in dentistry. While crossing the room from the place where he had been sitting he placed the package that he held in his hand on a steam-radiator into which the steam had been turned. The parcel gave out a metallic sound when it touched the radiator, and the man turned quickly and glanced sharply at the dentist. Dr. De Lamater noticed the glance, but, as the stranger's face broke into a smile, the doctor thought that the strange action was due to the nervousness that comes over people in a dentist's room. After the man was seated Dr. De Lamater told him that the heat was in the radiator and might injure the package. The man started to get up, but the dentist told him not to disturb himself, and removed the parcel and placed it on the mantel.

"What do you think is in the bundle?" asked the stranger, as he eyed the doctor suspiciously. "Oh, it might be dynamite," replied the dentist, "and I don't care about sailing on the clouds this early in the morning."

This answer was evidently satisfactory, for the man settled back in the chair, and the dentist began to examine his teeth. The tooth commenced to be a dead one and required filling. Dr. De Lamater said that he was at leisure and would do the work at once. This did not suit the patient, who said that he was in a great hurry and preferred to make an engagement for another day.

"What is your name?" the doctor asked. "Frank Miller, and I live at No. 215 East Forty-first-st.," was the reply.

The time fixed for filling the tooth was this afternoon, and Miller went away, carefully lugging the bundle under his arm. In a few minutes there was another ring at the door-bell, and Mr. Miller came in, apparently a great deal more excited than before. He said that he had agreed, on account of a prior engagement, and in accordance with his wish the time was changed to 3 p. m. yesterday.

COMING AGAIN WITH THE PACKAGE.

Mr. Miller did not keep his appointment, but came an hour later. He again had the package which he had carried in the morning. Dr. De Lamater was busy, and could not attend to him, and he seemed annoyed by the delay. Finally his turn came, and he jumped into the chair and told the dentist to get through as quickly as possible, as he had an engagement that must be kept. The dental engine was set to work at the fastest speed, and in a short time the tooth was filled. Mr. Miller said that he was pleased with the way he had been treated, and asked what the charge was.

He said that it was \$2, and laid a bill of this denomination on the dentist's desk. Mr. Miller started for his hat, and then quietly turned and said to the dentist:

My father pays my bills, and I have to account to him for everything.

Dr. De Lamater thought this a strange request from a man who appeared to be about thirty years of age, and he said nothing at all. He looked at Miller's face, and he was startled by the smile on Miller's face, and he was startled by the smile on Miller's face, and he was startled by the smile on Miller's face.

The smile on Miller's face changed instantly to an expression of intense passion, and he was startled by the smile on Miller's face, and he was startled by the smile on Miller's face, and he was startled by the smile on Miller's face.

He picked up the mysterious package, and he was startled by the smile on Miller's face, and he was startled by the smile on Miller's face, and he was startled by the smile on Miller's face.

He got within easy reach he swung the package viciously and struck the dentist on the back of the head. The Doctor's head fell forward and he was startled by the smile on Miller's face, and he was startled by the smile on Miller's face, and he was startled by the smile on Miller's face.

He jumped to his feet, upsetting the chair in the effort to get away from the man who was striking him. He felt the warm blood running down his neck, and this seemed to restore him to his senses.

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dressed. His skull was scraped, but there was no fracture.

WHAT WAS THE MAN'S MOTIVE?

The prisoner told the truth about his house. His wife was found there last evening. She said that she could not give any reason for her husband's strange action. She married him last January, after an acquaintance of a month. He was a graduate from a dental college, but worked as an assistant for several dentists. He did not drink and never had shown any signs of insanity.

Dr. De Lamater's wife, who is frequently at his office, says that she thinks Zolki was there inquiring about her husband two weeks ago. The man who came there answers his description, but Dr. De Lamater could not account for the assault except on the theory of robbery. He had some diamonds in his desk, but no attempt was made to take them. Zolki could easily have killed him had he had the courage or the desire to do so.

CRUSHED BY THEIR CAR.

TWO OFFICIALS OF THE OHIO, INDIANA AND WESTERN ROAD KILLED.

A PAY-CAR ATTACHED TO A REGULAR TRAIN DEMOLISHED AS THE RESULT OF A BROKEN AXLE.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.]

Indianapolis, Dec. 16.—The pay-car of the Ohio, Indiana and Western Railroad, attached to the regular westbound passenger train, was demolished this morning near Covington, Ind., by the breaking of an axle while going at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. The car contained the general officers of the road, two of whom—Isaac H. Wilson, the superintendent, and J. M. Cummins, the trainmaster—were instantly killed.

Auditor Lynn, Roadmaster Sloan, Mr. Clogget, car accountant, and a son of Superintendent Wilson, who were in the car at the time, were not injured. The superintendent and trainmaster were hurled through the windows near which they sat, and the car turned over upon them. Half an hour before the accident, Mr. Wilson had met on a passing train on his way to Indianapolis to visit him. When the brother arrived here the news of the killing was awaiting him. Both of the dead officials were well known in the city. Mr. Cummins hurried to the train-dispatcher's office to learn the particulars, and was prostrated with grief when told that her husband had been killed.

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